

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship & Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXIV]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

[NUMBER 25

UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Editorial Contributors:

RICHARD BARTRAM, EMMA E. MAREAN,
J. VILA BLAKE, R. HEBER NEWTON,
CHARLES F. DOLE, WILLIAM M. SALTER,
JOHN R. EFFINGER, MINOT J. SAVAGE,
EMIL G. HIRSCH, MARION D. SHUTTER,
FREDERICK L. HOSMER, HENRY M. SIMMONS,
WILLIAM C. GANNETT, JAMES G. TOWNSEND,
ELLEN T. LEONARD, KATE GANNETT WELLS,
JOHN C. LEARNED, CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake, Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS,

175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: \$1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 8 cents per line; reading notices, 10 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York.

Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.	PAGE
Notes.....	193
The Fellowship of Idleness.....	193
Rising Standard in Sunday School Work.—W. C. G.....	194
Two Hanks of Yarn.....	194
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
Installation Hymn—ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.....	194
The Friendship of Emerson and Carlyle.—A. S. O.....	194
Tributes of Love to a Lost Brother.....	195
A Story Teller Explains how Stories Grow.—Edward Everett Hale.....	195
Post Office Mission Work.....	195
CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.	
The Man-God.—VIRGIL H. BROWN.....	196
CORRESPONDENCE.....	197
THE STUDY TABLE.....	197
NOTES FROM THE FIELD.....	198
THE HOME.....	199
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	200

What UNITY is Trying to Do.

UNITY is a weekly paper devoted to the dissemination of the principles of Natural and Universal Religion, based on reason and the instincts of trust and aspiration in the human heart; in harmony with the latest discoveries of science, and taking the whole of nature and history for its domain. It aims to develop both the rational and reverent sides of man's being, to promote the spirit of truth, to enlarge the bounds of human fellowship and sympathy in religion, and to enlighten the conscience. It believes the time has come for the establishment of a new type of religion, of universal aim and spirit as distinct from any special forms of faith, of either sect or race,—a religion that welcomes every true, aspiring soul to its fellowship, of whatever age, creed or country.

As the exponent of this type of thought, UNITY needs the active sympathy and support of all its friends, many of whom are yet unknown. We are sure that a large and earnest constituency is somewhere awaiting us. Will you not help us find it, and share with us in the privileges and responsibilities of this enterprise, at once so difficult and so inspiring?

There are many ways in which you can help. We suggest two new ways: We shall have ready for distribution about February 20th a supply of subscription cards prepared especially for those who take no religious paper and would be helped by UNITY. Can you not distribute a number of them for us where they would bring subscribers?

The other way is this: For one dollar we will send UNITY ten weeks to ten new names. Can you not send the paper in this way to ten, twenty or thirty of your friends, and thus give them a chance to see that they can not do without it?

UNITY is now closing its twelfth year of work. For the first eleven years it was sustained by the volunteer work of its editors, and an annual deficit on printers' bills was faced by its publishers. Last year, by a concerted effort of its friends, the subscription list was doubled, the size of the paper increased, the price reduced to one dollar, and the cost of printing provided for. This year by another concerted effort we can supplement the volunteer editorial work by paying an assistant editor, who will both relieve the over-worked senior editor and bring the paper up to a higher standard of accuracy, freshness and promptness.

Please write the publishers early what you can do to help.

Editorial.

A COMPARATIVELY new subscriber to UNITY, a prominent worker in the West in the ranks of liberal culture writes: "UNITY is to me a blessed little messenger every week. I could spare all else in the journal line better. I seldom miss a single paragraph in UNITY."

WE learn from *The Union Signal* that Miss Emily Faithful, whose visit to this country is well remembered, has been placed on the pension list of the British government. We agree with the *Signal* that the pension is most worthily bestowed.

GARI MELICOR's painting of the "Vespers" which was on exhibition in this city last Fall, and which was noticed in our editorial on the "Closed Bible" in UNITY of November 9th, has been secured as one of the art treasures of Detroit. It was purchased by the Witenagemote Club of that city and placed for permanent exhibition in the Detroit Art Museum. What makes us sorry for Chicago makes us glad for Detroit.

MR. SNYDER, in *The Unitarian*, thinks "it is time for Unitarianism to have a weekly organ in the West." He says this in passing a criticism upon the policy of UNITY and the *Christian Register*. The implication is that "Unitarianism" has a monthly organ in *The Unitarian*, and perhaps, a semi-monthly organ in *Our Best Words*. Considering that both UNITY and the *Christian Register* have a quite respectable circulation "in the West," the reading of these weekly journals out of the Unitarian fellowship is noteworthy.

THE *Twentieth Century* reports a meeting of an Episcopal "Church Association for the Advancement of the Interest of Labor," at which about five hundred wage workers were present. The addresses of Rev. Dr. De Costa and Father Huntington rang with a clear earnest desire to meet the less fortunate men and women in a real Christian relation. A resolution was passed that all buildings consecrated as parish churches or chapels to the worship of God, should be opened free to all his children, that no seats should be sold for any service. We find the movement significant and wish it God speed.

THE visit of Miss Amelia B. Edwards to this country is one of the notable literary events of the year. During her stay in Chicago Miss Edwards is to give three lectures on subjects connected with her famous trip up the Nile. The Art Institute and Fortnightly Society united in giving her a large reception on the 17th, and in Chicago as elsewhere she is made the recipient of more social courtesy and attention than she can possibly respond to. In view of the general interest "Miss Edwards" visit to America is exciting our readers may be glad of a few particulars of her history, copied from one of our exchanges.

As a novelist her first great success was in "Barbara's History." Her last novel, "Lord Brackenbury," has already passed through sixteen editions and translated into many different languages. It is not as a novelist, however, that Miss Edwards has achieved her greatest success, but in writing descriptive of her own travels. As early as 1862 her "Lights and Stories," "A Holiday Tour through Belgium," received favorable notice. Her "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys" won instant success, while her "Thousand Miles up the Nile" has become a classic on this subject. As an Egyptologist Miss Edwards is acknowledged to be the highest authority; she it was who first con-

ceived the founding of the Egypt Exploration Fund. In personal appearance Miss Edwards is described as a tall, fresh-faced, fine-looking woman with silvery hair brushed back straight from her forehead, kindly gray eyes, and a pleasant smile, her mouth being clear cut and unusually expressive. She has a gracious manner and is a fair conversationalist.

THE last words of Henrik Ibsen's drama entitled, the "Pillars of Society," are significant not only of the spirit that animates the great Scandinavian author, but they also contain a noble statement of the truth that underlies the noble truths represented by the various modern reforms. Says Berwick, the wealthy citizen who has just shrived his soul by a manly confession: "I have learned this, in these days: it is you women who are the pillars of society." To which Lona, the heroic woman, through whom this guilty soul was brought to its reckoning, replies: "Then you have learned a poor wisdom, brother-in-law. No, no; the spirits of Truth and of Freedom—these are the Pillars of Society."

WE learn from the *Inter-Ocean* that a new literary enterprise is now under headway, in the shape of a monthly magazine, *Home, School and Nation*, intended to serve the interests and promulgate the principles of the "American Society of Patriotic Knowledge," whose object in turn is "to promote patriotism among the children and youth of the schools and country, and to prepare them for the duties and responsibilities of good American citizenship." This society has been lately organized, with Charles L. Hutchinson as President, E. G. Keith as Treasurer, and a board of directors composed of some of our most prominent and influential citizens. The principal mover in this work is Bishop Samuel Fallows, which is essentially the same as that of the Old South Lectureship in Boston. A large meeting of school children will be held in the Auditorium on the evening of Washington's Birthday, under the auspices of the new society. We learn from private sources that Miss Mary Burt is to have charge of the school department in the new magazine. So excellent a movement as this commands our hearty sympathy.

A LARGE pamphlet, nearly the size of the *Atlantic*, and 88 pages in length is required to record the yearly report of the various activities, educational, social and philanthropic, of All Souls Church of New York, Rev. R. Heber Newton, pastor. The pamphlet bears this liberal motto from Arthur Toynbee. "Our church must be made the church of freedom, the church of the people." After the reports of the rector, his assistants and other church officials come those of special departments. Under the head educational, we note besides the classes for religious instruction, a Free Kindergarten, an Industrial School, an Iron Cross Guild,—a society of boys, for instructions in the principles of "temperance, reverence and purity," with it. Francis of Assisi for Patron and example,—an Emerson Club, Bryant Club, Social Economic Society, Loan Library, &c., &c. Under the auspices of the Lecture Chapter ten lectures on the Divine Comedy have been given. In addition to the Loan Library for general uses is a Clerical Loan Library, the aims of which are thus explained by the pastor. "A vivid remembrance, of the early days of my own ministry, when my scanty salary scarcely allowed the physical necessities of life,

made no provision whatever for the equally necessary food for the mind, has always kept alive in me a keen sense of sympathy with our younger clergy, those who though advanced in years, yet find themselves in their little county parishes and scattered missionary stations, unable to supply themselves with books, while they are intellectually drained week by week in the endeavor to feed their people." It was to relieve this "famine of the mind" among his poorer fellow-ministers the Clerical Loan Library was founded. Among the charitable enterprises of the church are a Summer Home, established in aid of the county week movement, and a Woman's Dispensary. All Souls seems to be a church fruitful in good works, and alive from centre to circumference, while its various departments of work are based on the advanced thought of the age and the principles of a progressing civilization.

A WRITER in the *New Church Messenger* has a thoughtful word to say on "The Spiritual Residuum." In the natural world many substances are valuable only for a small element in their composition, as is the case with salt and many other minerals, surrounded with deposits which must be washed or dug away before the serviceable ore can be extracted. In history the value of an event often is measured by a resultant in itself very small. The same truth is discovered in any attempt to estimate the effect of a religious truth or principle in man's spiritual nature. The worth of experience here as elsewhere does not appear in external result. There is a spiritual residuum not only of belief, but of character, the only true and important result of spiritual experience. To appreciate this residuum we must stand apart from much of the noisy excitement of the times, both in the realm of human action and ideas, and study to learn and understand the essential values of things; the remainder of truth and wisdom that will outlive all the labor and demonstration of the present moment. "If we could only live in the spiritual result of the whirlwinds, the earthquakes and the fires of life we should live in what is real in life—be better enabled to live even now a substantial life, one that would carry us unmoved through all earthly fluctuations and enable us in the end to produce the greatest spiritual residuum."

THE FELLOWSHIP OF IDLENESS.

There are those who stoutly declare themselves for open fellowship in religion, and particularly insist that the Unitarian name should represent this, yet are greatly distressed that the Western Unitarian Conference should declare that it "conditions its fellowship on no doctrinal test, but welcomes those who would work for truth, righteousness and love." Or perhaps these parties would say that they are glad to have the Western Conference say this and be this, if it only should consent to *do nothing*; they would like it a "talking body," but it must not raise money, help build a church or send forth a missionary. But are not *words things*, and the utterance of ideas actions? Are Channing, Emerson and Martineau to be excluded from the fraternity of *workers* and to be denied a place among the great missionaries of the world, aye, of church builders?

These advocates of an indolent fellowship are wiser than their logic, for they have often opposed in National as well as in Western and State organizations

the invitation of Jew, Ethical Cultivist or man of science who did not call himself Unitarian, to the Unitarian platform, although these men were asked only to "talk." When a few years ago there was a movement to bring the various ministers of Chicago together for social, intellectual and spiritual fellowship, in short, to eat together once a month and to discuss topics of common interest afterward, into the skeleton organization of even this talking and eating body the word "Christian" must be introduced in order to deliberately exclude Rabbi Hirsch, William Salter, and their fellows, if such should be. "Open fellowship" of course, but on Thanksgiving Day these same earnest and clear souls must not be invited to a Union service of liberal ministers although it was but a "talking meeting." When the other day, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, of Wisconsin, were ordained at All Souls' Church and, to meet their desire to make it an object lesson in the breadth of the religion to which they meant to give their lives, Universalist, Unitarian, Independent and Ethical Culture ministers were invited; some who believed in "open fellowship" of idleness could not take part in such a service. The present writer had once a Catholic priest for a neighbor who had much fellowship to offer him, but he must generally needs bring it after dark; and when one night he encountered at the door the new maid, who was one of his own parishioners, he blushed, stammered and sought an evasive excuse for being there. Such was the "open fellowship" which we suspect Nicodemus had for Jesus. If there can be no fellowship in earnest work, how can there be in that still more potent work, earnest talk, which is the highest "work"? Indeed, this is what the opponents of the Western Conference seemed to understand and most to fear. They are willing that all shades of belief or unbelief, only so that it is loving and pure, should sit side by side in the pews, or even mingle their names on the church roll, if only they might be assured by some authoritative vote that no agnostic or atheist shall ever be admitted into the pulpit, although he go there simply "to talk." We know of nothing more de-vitalizing to earnest minds and eager hearts than to try to maintain a fellowship by a suspension of noble works. They who try to keep the peace by doing nothing will soon find themselves compelled to go a step farther, to perpetuate the harmony by saying nothing, as some important recent attempts would seem to prove. A fellowship that does not bring mutual joys of co-operation in and those things that men want in common, against those things that deal a common hurt is—well, we don't know what, —we cannot understand it. So we stand for the fellowship of action, for co-operation with all those who will unite with us in the search for truth, in the advancement of righteousness and in the generating of love. Fellowship is something more than the touching of the cap in a military salute, more even than a hand-shake;—it is a hand lent when there is lifting to do, it is readiness to lift wherever there is need and opportunity. The fellowship of talk is impossible, where the fellowship of work is proscribed. The holy and truest sympathy of silence is impossible where that silence is enforced.

RIISING STANDARDS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Again we must thank the Secretary of our Boston Sunday School Society for good work done. Part II. of Mr. Spaulding's "Lessons on Luke" is out in its two forms, one for the younger, the other for the older pupils. Thorough work, and if not brave work, then because it no longer takes bravery for the official lessons of a Sunday School Society to discard the Gospel miracles as distinctly as any Robert Ingersoll,—as distinctly, but of course in a very different tone. The longer form of these Lessons is worth keeping simply as a commentary. Our

one doubt about the Lessons rises out of their excellence: the Bible being to us what it is, a book to read for the spirit, not the letter, is it worth while to study the detail of words and deeds so thoroughly in our Schools? Possibly the true answer is,—*One Gospel*, yes,—not more.

And this Boston Society is beginning a tract series, which will be a very useful working tool, if each tract is as practical as No. I. by Wm. I. Lawrence, on "Sunday School Attendance." He answers two questions, (1) How shall we increase the membership of our Schools? Answer: "Keep the School constantly before the people, and make it interesting to those who come;"—and he tells how he actually does both things successfully. (2) How shall we secure regularity of attendance? Answer: "Make public recognition of regularity, and follow up and inquire after the absent ones;"—and again the value lies in describing a successful how-to-do-it.

It is no easy task to write the Story of Jesus out in lesson shape for little ones. The eight-year-old of the West Newton School must enjoy the small square sheets which Mrs. Helen Jaynes is printing for them week by week,—each sheet carrying a good picture, the little story that matches it, and a few questions. Will not the Sunday School Society give us *that* next year in some cheap form?

Word comes that our Teachers' Union in Boston recommends the general introduction of graded lessons, with normal classes for each grade to be held on Saturdays in the A. U. A. Building. No better news could reach Sunday School Workers even in the West, if somehow by telephone or print we could only become the "annex" to that Saturday Normal School. No other place in the country can try the experiment of "grades" to such advantage as Boston with its many Sunday Schools. But *choose carefully the grades*, comrades! Has the right course yet been outlined? None of the plans so far published East or West have seemed satisfactory. It is a high and perilous responsibility to plot a route in Education—a route, six or eight years long, that may be travelled by ten thousand children. In advance of any and all plans comes this question: The Bible being what it is to us, and the field of religious history being so broad, ought the study of the Bible to be, as it has long been and still is, almost the sole study in Liberal Sunday Schools? Surely, *no*, would be our answer to this question. On the other hand, the Western Sunday School Society may have departed too far from the usual lines in the course, whose first year's manual is now in the printer's hands. In this course the whole growth of religion to its present outcome in liberal forms of Christianity is to be studied in a glancing way, parts of only two or three years being given to the Bible. The six years are:

- I. The Beginnings of Religion—the Legend and the True Story.
- II. Some Great Religions of the Old World.
- III. The Growth of the Hebrew Religion: Old Testament
- IV. The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion: Jesus and Paul.
- V. The Growth of Christianity: the Three Great Churches of Christendom.
- VI. The Flowering of Christianity in the Liberal Christian Movement.

The last third of each year in this scheme is given to some form of Character Lessons. But well planned or not, this recent push in both the East and West, towards a systematic course of Sunday School study betokens a rising standard in the ideals of Sunday School education.

W. C. G.

ONE of our exchanges speaks of the social reception as one of the good things abused, saying that it is often a "social deception" instead, "promising so much and giving so little of elevated or satisfying entertainment."

TWO HANKS OF YARN.

ROBERT COLLYER somewhere tells a pretty story of a woman in England's Cathedral-building days, who brought as her contribution for the building of a great minster two hanks of yarn which she had spun. 'Twas all she had to give, but such as she had she gave freely. Such spirit is not extinct, and such loyalty is by no means confined to the faithful of the older faiths. More than once have we had occasion to testify to the same loyalty and to like self sacrifice on the part of the friends of the Western Unitarian Conference and the cause UNITY stands for. The last example comes from a faithful, diligent and hard-pressed working young woman who lives within sight of the dome of the Boston State-house. She sends her dollar towards the "Endowment Fund" of the Western Unitarian Conference, saying: "I shall not give my whole yearly contribution to the A. U. A. this year, I am too much interested in the Western Conference for that, I too want to 'stand up and be counted.' * * * However, right wins, and I believe the good day must come for us all who must battle so hard for this position. * * * I still read my UNITY with pleasure and profit as ever, and continue to think it the best paper to show us how to live that I have ever seen." This dollar should carry with it at least five hundred dollar power. This Massachusetts girl has a sister in the spirit in central Illinois, who writes us, "Here is five dollars I want to give to the Western Conference. I wish it were five thousand instead. Use it as you think best, either towards the endowment fund or annual expenses; I know it is only a drop on the sand, but I hope it may be the harbinger of a heavy shower." A still third young woman from northern Illinois, who belongs to this Hank-of-Yarn Sisterhood, writes: "I rejoice in the brave position taken by the Western Conference; surely it is in the right, and some day victory and peace will crown its efforts to realize a hospitable religion, even if it has to take some further forward steps. I daily wish I had means wherewith to help the W. U. C. Endowment Fund, and to stay UNITY; then I should feel a right to say, keep on and on, even though old associations and old names be permanently withdrawn from you."

Contributed and Selected.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

"Who therefore is a faithful and wise servant whom his lord has made ruler over his household to give them their meat in due season."—Matthew.

Bless, Lord, this household and its head,
With food from Heaven may each be fed;
Bless thou the tie we weave to-night,
In tender love all hearts unite!

Eager for toil they servants stand,
With girded loins and ready hands;
O grant, whatever his work may be,
His labor may be blest by Thee.

No lot of ease for him we ask,
But strength to meet his daily task,
Wisdom from Thee aright to see
And use each opportunity.

O heavenly source of Life and Love!
Our hearts to reverent worship move,
And in Thy spirit's unity
Bind each to each and all to Thee!

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs."

Emerson and Carlyle first met at a lonely farmhouse amid the desolate hills of southern Scotland, where the then unknown Carlyle lived. Here Emerson sought him out in 1833, attracted by the desire to meet the author of a few British Review articles that had deeply impressed him. Emerson's keen insight had detected the genius under Carlyle's pyrotechnic rhetoric, but what most drew him to the unknown man was his evident sincerity. "Here is a man who is true to himself," Emerson says, "who speaks what is in him; who fears not the face of man; and I must see him and thank

him for the strength he has given me. What a messenger of good-will is this!" Emerson was at this time only thirty years of age, with his real life-work not yet begun; and Carlyle, a few years older, had yet no well defined future. Thus their friendship began before fame came to either of them. This meeting with Emerson was one of the brightest memories in Carlyle's unhappy life. He never tires of telling how the "sky-messenger" came to him in the wilderness with the big word of cheer, when all was black and lonely.

This friendship meant much to these men, and was an important element in the lives of both. It was undoubtedly more to Carlyle than Emerson, especially in those days when Emerson must have tired of the muggy pessimism of the mighty, dyspeptic philosopher; but the friendship lasted through all, and over all differences, and its record is one of the richest legacies left to the world by these great men. It adds a grace to both their names, and warms and humanizes the mind's picture of the mighty pair. "My friend Emerson," "My friend Carlyle,"—these are the words they love to say, and thus they always speak of each other.

The remarkable correspondence of these greatly differing men extended over a period of nearly forty years, and nearly two hundred letters passed between them. The letters are as frank, whole-souled and ingenuous as school-girl letters, and are lighted up by many undying touches of genius, but their first and all-pervading characteristic is the pure spirit of friendship, that fairly makes them alive. Sincere in admiration, sincere in criticism, tender, loyal, truthful,—a pattern to the ages. They paint in warm, rich colors the Emerson we love, and show us the loving, lovely side of the Proteus-natured Carlyle. What a glowing spirit of friendship in such sentences as these from Emerson's letters!

"If virtue and friendship have not yet become fables, do believe we keep your face for the living type. If you love them that love you, write me straightway of your welfare."

"It is ten days now—ten cold days—that your last letter has kept my heart warm, and I have not been able to write you before."

"Very generously you adorn and cheer this pilgrimage of mine by your love. I find my highest prayer granted in calling a just and wise man my friend."

"It is a pleasure to set your name once more at the head of a sheet. It signifies how much gladness, how much wealth of being, in the thought that the good, wise, man-cheering, man-helping friend, though unseen, lives there yonder."

Carlyle's own bright words show with giant strokes what this friendship was to him.

"To Ralph Waldo Emerson, however, and those that love me as he, be thanks always, and a sure place in the sanctuary of the mind."

"Long shall we remember that Autumn Sunday that landed him (out of Infinite Space) on the Craigenputtock wilderness, *not* to leave us as he found us."

"Adieu, dear Emerson, I have lost many things; let me not lose you till I must in some way."

"In fact you are very good to me, and always were, in all manners of ways; for which I do, as I ought, thank the Upper Powers and you. That truly has been and is one of the possessions of my life in this perverse epoch of the world."

"It was a morning not like any other which lay round it, a morning to be marked white, that one, about a week ago, when your letter came to me; a word from you yet again, after so long a silence!"

"I still beg the comfort of hearing from you. I am sick of soul and body, but not incurable; the loving word of a Waldo Emerson is as balm to me, medicinal now more than ever."

"Adieu, dear Emerson; I had much more to say, but there is no room. O, forgive me forgive me all trespasses,—and love me what you can!"

"What a hope is in that ever-young heart, cheerful, healthful as the morning. And as for me you have no conception what a crabbed, sulky piece of sorrow and dyspepsia I am grown, and growing if I do not draw bridle."

Poor Carlyle, as the world well knows, did not "draw bridle"—let us hope he could not,—and we can but pity the man who so vividly portrays his sad self, and what a bright, true outline is that of his hopeful friend!

What a Desdemona-Othello friendship is this of these men! To one the

earth is a temple of worship, to the other a ball of mud. One has hope for a guiding star; the other seems to grope in darkness. One writes in his letter: "When I go out of doors in the summer night, I see how high the stars are, I am persuaded that there is time enough, here or somewhere, for all that I must do." The other exclaims: "God help us, this is growing a very lonely place, this distracted dog-kennel of a world." Carlyle seems to be a bit of the universe out of place, on the wrong planet perhaps, while Emerson swings through the earthly arc of his course with the beautiful serenity of a sun. Both are iconoclasts, but how different! One with a shout rushes into the Pantheon and lays all low as with a bar of iron; the other gently lays the idols away in the pleasant fields of memory and makes of them beautiful poetic symbols. A world of Emersons would make a paradise; a world of Carlyles—what would it be? Yet they were friends, for with all their differences they had much in common. They both loved sincerity, truth and justice; they both hated hypocrisy, deception and injustice. They both made it a duty to expose shams and imposters. They both taught, with clarion tongues, the noble duty of self-reliance, and demanded that every man should preserve his own manhood and have a reason for the faith in him. They were both alike distinguished for that God-like faculty that uplifts other souls, that sows in other breasts the blessed seeds of high resolves.

But what of Emerson? What of Carlyle? Emerson—where shall we place him but with that select company where are found Socrates, Epictetus, St. Augustine, Marcus Aurelius, Franklin? These choice spirits seem to make room for him gladly. The quaint old leaves with the live thoughts seem to rustle with pleasure at the arrival of the gentle new-comer, and the old brown volumes stand a little closer, and we seem to hear that word, spoken only at such long intervals, "Another is with us and of us." Emerson, "the gentle sky-messenger," was a comfort and a solace to Carlyle's great despondent heart; and is not that what he is to us, to the world, a comfort, a helper? He teaches the sublime and blessed duty of trust, of obedience, of acquiescence, and is himself the best argument and the flower of his own philosophy. The man Emerson is his greatest poem. But Carlyle, the enigma, what of him? A personality of unbounded interest, a word-painter, a titanic humorist, a disappointing philosopher, a transcendent genius. What can we make of this man, this bundle of inconsistencies? To literature a bright star, a flashing meteor; to many of his contemporaries a northern bear, a Scotch hedge hog; in his unfortunate *Reminiscences* an ungenerous, brutal critic, a disgusting, carping pessimist,—and on the Emerson side, the Emerson-Carlyle, a great, forgiving, penitent heart, showing all the Emerson in his nature. What a tribute to Emerson in this, and an illustration of his beautiful philosophy that each man creates his own world! Emerson's Carlyle is the one we would keep in memory, the one we would wish history to remember. We like to think of him as Emerson thought of him, with his virtues and his faults; never forgetting the whole-souled, hearty laugh that seemed a kind of antidote to his gloomy philosophy and a protest of the inner and better Carlyle. The laugh of Carlyle is the key to his best nature. It takes the sting out of his mighty rhetoric.

The last letter that passed between these friends was written by Carlyle in his seventy-seventh year. A message of love from an old man to an old man. What a touching and appropriate ending, or rather continuing, of that long friendship is the closing word of that last letter: "Alas, alas, here is the end of the paper, dear Emerson; and I had still a whole wilderness of things to say. Write to me, or even do not write, and I will surely write again."

Emerson, Carlyle,—let us hope no Atlantic separates them now; and that Carlyle, outside of that "crazy, clay tabernacle," is at peace; that Emerson, who seemed to stand so close to the spirit world, may have found his best, bright hopes fulfilled, and what seems "too good to be true" a glorious reality. A. S. OSBORNE.

TRIBUTES OF LOVE TO A LOST BROTHER.

The February number of *The Unitarian Review* contains some very touching tributes to a lately deceased friend, Prof. William F. Allen, of Madison University. One writes, who was his fellow student in Germany, recalling the pleasant visits they made together to the Grimms. Here we learn something of that early taste for scholarship which predicted his future life-work as teacher and man of letters—"What a vivid recollection, too, I have of his determination, even then, to write a Roman history; and (if I do not err) he was a constant and keenly industrious attendant on Mommsen's lectures."

Another writer describes an incident in his later life revealing the just and kindly nature of the man. One day a German woman came to the Sunday-school, bringing her children. She told Mr. Allen she would like to place her little ones in the school, "But their father, besides being an anarchist, did not believe in a God, and she did not want anything said that would make them think ill of their father. He assured her there would not be, and the children have been constant attendants since." This woman came with her three children to the dead man's funeral, who can never be dead to those with whom his life has come in such helpful contact.

An old friend who knew him in childhood writes to say that he was a boy "who never seemed to need correction, but only stimulus." He adds that, "His mind was so full of entertainment for itself that he was never dependent on circumstances;" and relates how, when on a sick-bed at fifteen, "he amused himself with planning and cutting out an historical game."

Of Prof. Allen's work and influence among his students, many high tributes have been given. The *Review* prints the following extract from the advance sheets of a memorial address before the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, of which Prof. Allen was an enthusiastic and helpful member:

"Those who have formed the student community during these twenty-two years will most often think of him as a wise friend and well-beloved teacher. There was something greater than mere learning, greater than kindness, or sincerity, or unselfishness—a natural endowment, a nobility of soul, a certain moral attractiveness that seemed akin to gravitation, that drew young men and women to him, and made him a joyful experience in their lives. His influence went with the student out into the world. It was his delight to meet the alumni; he met them, too, at every turn, and such gladness shone in their eyes that you would think he had at some time done each a peculiar personal favor. His correspondence with them was voluminous. Of no other professor, perhaps, was advice and direction so frequently asked. From every quarter came requests for assistance: one is starting a reading club, and submits the plan and course for criticism and suggestion; another desires a special course in historical reading; another, in some out-of-the-way spot, wants to know what books to read. He, in some sense, directed and controlled a university above the university."

A STORY-TELLER EXPLAINS HOW STORIES GROW.

How heredity shows itself in names! The ancestor of our friend Pullman must have been given in some way to pulling men about from place to place, as one of those amiable Japlanders does, of whom Phillips Brooks and Arthur Knapp tell such pleasant stories. And clearly Mr. Wagner, of the other palace cars, descends from some wagoner of the old days, who took people and goods over the mountains not so fast as a Wagner takes us today. Yes, I know that James South does say that names go by contraries. "Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist; Mr. Makepeace was

bred an attorney." But these two are strong instances the other way.

I myself invented that legend of the girl who was shut up in the upper berth of a sleeping-car. You need not weep. It all turns out well, as all my stories do. She did it of her own choice; she was not smothered like that old Ginevra, and at the proper time she leaped, happy and fresh,—free from dust, observe,—into the arms of her lover. But, like other creators, in larger fields, I have taken much pleasure in seeing how my little story took root and grew. There is not one of these porters now but will tell you "with advantages" how this happened "at the West," before these cords were invented which now fasten down the upper berth. The last time I heard the story, eight directors were in the upper berths of a car in Minnesota. It went off into a lake, the berth shut up simultaneously, and the frames or bodies of those directors are shut up in those berths still, for the car has never been found,—I should not think it would be. For all these stories I am in a sense responsible, as planting the seed in my little tale of the "Modern Ginevra." The thing itself is utterly impossible, as anybody with a foot-rule can see.—Edward Everett Hale in *New England Magazine*.

POST OFFICE MISSION WORK.

The most encouraging thing about our postoffice mission work apart from the good desired by its beneficiaries, is that those engaged in it never seem to tire or lose interest in it. A large batch of letters has been placed in our hands by one of the most faithful and earnest of these workers, from which we cull a few extracts, that our readers may learn something of the progress of the work and feel inspired to "lend a hand." When these missionary tracts have the effect to arouse the missionary spirit in those to whom they are sent, then the best result is reached. One man writes of the efforts he has made during the past winter to offset the influence of the old-fashioned orthodox revival in his town, by the distribution of liberal tracts, and the angry and persecuting spirit thereby aroused on the part of his orthodox townsmen. A young girl of seventeen writes in her own behalf and her mother's, from a country home two and a half miles distant from any church. It is not surprising that the daughter should feel compelled to say she had not thought much on religious matters, though she adds that she has "learned something" from the literature thus received. "My mother says she has always had an ideal church in mind, founded on The Light of Asia and Paine's Age of Reason. She believes with Unitarians that 'to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion.'" One man writes that he had not read many of the tracts sent him before he made the discovery that the things therein taught were "far in advance of anything I had ever investigated." He thinks "if Unitarianism was the popular religion there would be no need of skepticism." Another writes, complaining, as nearly all do, of the uncongenial atmosphere of their orthodox surroundings, quoting from one of the Methodists of the town who had said from his pulpit that "sects have their besetting sins like individuals, and one of the sins of our sect (Congregational) is running after Unitarianism." The writer adds that he has derived more benefit from the writings of David Swing and James Martineau than from all the other theologians combined. A young farmer writes a friendly word about UNITY which, among the liberal papers he takes, is to be commended for its high moral tone. His youth is a bar to his influence, he says, but he is anxious to do what he can to liberalize the community in which he lives. A gentleman from Ohio writes inquiring about Unitarian hymn and Sunday school books, and describes himself as "feeling my way slowly into your literature." He is especially interested in the

discussions arising from the late Cincinnati action of the Western Conference. The pamphlets he has received are not only read but studied. We have next an example of another order. A Nebraska correspondent writes thanking for literature sent, but declines it for the future, having "failed so far to find any good in it," and preferring the writings of Talmage and Beecher. A woman writes from South Dakota, telling of her attempts to form a literary circle, and how her interest in UNITY arose from the publisher's advertisements of Helps to self-culture. She had no intention of becoming a permanent subscriber but became more interested by degrees and now looks for the weekly visit of UNITY as for "an old and valued friend." The necessities of a religious nature and her love of music combine to make her continue attendance at an orthodox church, but she will not join the Sunday school, for she finds it "impossible to teach a doctrine that embittered my own youth and robbed my childhood of its joy." A whole life-history of struggling thought and existence may be read between the lines of almost every letter, and we regret that our space permits us so brief and hurried an examination of them.

THE root of all evil in the church [is] the imagination that it exists for any other purpose than to foster virtue, or can be prosperous except so far as it does this.—*Ecce Homo*.

RELIGION is the affirmation of God in human nature.—*Rev. S. C. Eby*.

The Evolution of Immortality.—Suggestions of an Individual Immortality based upon our Organic and Life History. By C. T. Stockwell. Cloth, 12mo, gilt top, uncut edges, 69 pages, 60 cents.

With a very few exceptions, not injurious to his argument, we have read with great pleasure and profit this singularly attractive essay.—*Unitarian Review*.

One of the most suggestive and best developed essays on personal immortality which later years have produced.—*Literary World*.

The Unending Genesis; or, Creation Ever Present. By H. M. Simmons. Contents: The Old Genesis Story; The Firmament of Space, Worlds Rounded and Rolling, Worlds Warmed, "Let there be Light," Compounds and Crystals, Sea and Land, The Air Firmament, Plant Creation, Animal Creation, The Mental Dominion, Moral and Spiritual Creations. Paper, square 18mo., 111 pages. 25 cents.

Here the story of the creation is told in a reverential, loving spirit, showing so clearly how evolution has been going on for hundreds of centuries, and must still go on, and proving also how one over-ruling power works through all, with a perfect and beautiful mathematical precision. Far from decreasing our reverence for truth and beauty, it only increases tenfold our love for it. The story is told so simply and plainly, that any mother could use it and make it intelligible to little children. Poor little innocents! how their brains must reel over the effort to take in literally the old Bible story, and there are Liberals who object to teaching it to them as fairy lore. To such this book will prove a blessing, and besides teaching how this creation is unending, it will be likely to awaken in a child's mind a desire for further knowledge of the natural sciences—a taste most desirable to cultivate.—*Mrs. L. F. Furness, in Unity*.

Practical Piety.—Four sermons delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Subjects, "The Economies of Religion," "Bread versus Ideas," "Present Sanctities," "The Claims of the Children." Limp cloth, square 18mo., 60 pages, 30 cents.

The author has an epigrammatic habit of speech, coupled with a facility of illustration and a quickness of fancy not often found in sermon-writers, and his views of the relations of religion to modern conditions and everyday needs appeal to the average lay mind as remarkably sensible.—*Oakland Enquirer*.

Any book advertised by us will be sent prepaid by mail or express on receipt of price. For \$5.00 cash with order, we will send books to the amount of \$5.00 at advertised prices, and Unity one year free; this offer applying both to renewals and new subscriptions.

Address
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
175 Dearborn Street—Chicago.

Church-Door Pulpit.

Any church may secure the publication of any acceptable sermon in this department by the payment of \$5, which sum will entitle the church to one hundred copies of the issue in which the sermon is printed.

THE MAN-GOD.

READ BY REV. VIRGIL H. BROWN, OF PRINCETON, AT THE CHICAGO UNITARIAN CLUB, FEB. 5

I take it that what we want, are ever in pressing need of, is *the Highest Man*; not indeed for the highest man's sake, but for the sake of all men. I do not mean that one greatest being, or one to be considered greatest, is essential to the making of a system of religion. Indeed I do not mean that any system of religion at all is either necessary or desirable. I do mean altogether other than that. I mean that we should ever keep ourselves unlimited, unhampered by systems, and should at all times be guided by the light of the highest life. What is right in the highest life is right in all other life; and what is beautiful and noble in the highest soul is ever the light of beauty and nobleness for the soul that is lowest. Strangely enough, curiously enough, it seems to me, the continuous and persistent effort of mankind has ever been directed to the making of systems. We have had moral systems, social systems, and religious systems, not a few; and in the making of all these it was meant to shape and determine the conduct and faith of men. That is, meaning well enough, perhaps, to direct the motion of the individual, the highest expedient was conceived to be to enslave him with a system; in other words, to build for him a highway through the universe, the surer and speedier to get through and done with it; as if the endless amplitude of being on all sides of us were a "Howling Wilderness," the abode of infinite dangers to the human soul, as if the spirit of man could go in any but one given direction and not find its God! To make a *system* for a man is to shut him up in a cozy little enclosure to be sure; but it is more, it is to shut out from him the unlimited realm, the outlying, luxuriant realm of infinite life. Curiously enough, our dominant precaution has been to see and trust the least of God, and to hide and distrust the most of Him. We formulate a system of belief about God, affirm that that system proves His existence and reveals it, and yet we will not venture to step beyond it in mortal dread of finding that there is no God! And, having discovered that there is a God, having in a manner espied Him, immediately we set out to systematize our faith and conduct respecting Him, the better to secure the least possible contact of our spirit with His, and to give the least possible variation to our thought and experience of Him! How wonderful that we should refuse to enlarge and universalize our definitions or conceptions of God for fear of destroying Him! And how scarcely less wonderful it is that with an iron-bound system, we should shut ourselves up to creeds of bibles, and creeds of miracle, and creeds of grace, lest we should behold the Infinite "in the woods and by the streams," and *there and everywhere* should awaken consciousness into thoughts of love, and visions of beauty and the hope immortal.

It is incredible, I think, that the world should always suppose that it must move in a straight line to find God. But that is the meaning of a system of beliefs about God. God is thought of as being far and away at the journey's end. Jesus is counted on to meet the soul in the Valley of Death. Heaven is yonder, where life here stops; the haven of rest and peace is beyond the sea. O, my brother, possibly it will dawn upon us at last that *God is!* Doubtless we may yet be able to put forth our hand in any direction and touch the Infinite Verity whether by means of the good or of the bad: for if I "dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, or make my bed in hell, behold! Thou art there." The essential condition of my being anything, good or bad,

is that *God is*. Beyond this primary and all-containing truth, however, destruction awaits me if I take one dogmatic step. If I create a system of beliefs that individualizes Him and points Him out, I impose upon Him the limitations of my thought and make room for a denial of Him. My system inspires other systems, and the creed of the Godite creates the creed of the atheist. Henceforth the battle is between systems, theories, creeds. But is not my statement that "God is" sufficient to inspire a statement that God is not? It would be, indeed, if there were to be attached to it anything beyond the primary consciousness of reality, any definition or attribute. What *is* is God; Reality is, Reality is God. One may indeed deny that anything is real. That matters not; given the conception of reality, it is undeniable. But we must stop here. We must not go on to dogmatize about Him. Above all he must not make a pet of Him to thrust into the arms of everybody else. I mean that what we want is precisely not a conception of God but God himself. That is, I must not be bound to be ever looking to find just such a God as you have defined for me, but must ever remain free to see whatever God is. Compel me not with a "Lo! here," and a "Lo! there," but leave me with the consciousness of "*everywhere*." The force of Reality upon me is the force of God upon me, and it is not limited to either the matter or manner of my theories about it. If, for example, I find myself prospering, powers and privileges multiplying on every hand, why should I be bound to denominate such prosperity the *blessing of God*? I hold that I should not be so bound but should be left to know within myself simply the reality of the blessing. Otherwise I necessarily set up the dogma that God is a blessing-sender, and that such things and conditions as we regard good are the blessings He sends. Thereupon I set out to discriminate between things and between conditions pertaining to the life of man, classifying and naming certain as "*good*," and certain others as "*bad*." Next I develop the process by which these supposed good things and good conditions are obtainable, and I find the instrumentalities of prayer, voluntary service, sacrifice, etc., about which, in their turn, I develop more dogmas. Moreover, I have dogmatically set before the mind of man a good to be striven for. I have called material prosperity the blessing of God; or, I have named intellectual strength as such blessing vouchsafed; or, I have discriminated in favor of virtue as the blessed part. No matter what, after one or other of these supposed blessings I have set the world to running. But I have done more, I have set the world to running after these things by my methods of obtaining them. In a word, I have enslaved the world with my system, I have bound it with my creed. So that granting that these supposed good things and good conditions are in reality good, why should we be bound to seek after them in the one way prescribed? Is there but one system of instrumentalities, or two, or three, or a thousand? Is it not just possible that there is no one unique system of methods, one set of believings and doings, through which alone blessings are derivable? My brother, to my mind this is the ultimate truth: this, *that to be is to be blessed*, that the sum-total and supreme mother of all blessings whatsoever is *being itself*. Blessings are not to be got, *they are*. God is not to be sought, *He is*.

What I object to, therefore, is this making of religious systems, or creeds if you please, that pretend to be inclusive of all good, and all hope of good, to man; that tell the soul beforehand what is in this universe and precisely how, and only how, it can be known. The glory and the felicity of the human soul, or any other soul, is *not in knowing that there is a God*, BUT IN SEEING HIM. Now will you take men into the custody of your systems and tell them that

they must look in certain quarters to find God? that they must look at the Bible, for instance, or at Nature, or at History? I say let them open their eyes as and where they are; what they now see, that is God. Does one soul say, "I see that human toil is both fruitful and enjoyable?" Let him go upon his knees there: that which he sees is God at work. You need not tell him there is a God; what he sees becomes a God to him, a sovereign commanding him, making of him a *toiler* and a *gainer*. Such worship of God is the most real and the best. It surpasses, by the whole measure of real value, the entire ritual of the Sanctuary. The true toiler is the true worshiper; and if only mankind everywhere were free from the limitations of superincumbent beliefs, and to toil as each for himself shall see to toil, there's not a man of us but should find God in the very first blow he struck. The fact is that the God we are taught to know is precisely not the God we are ever seeing, feeling, handling, worshipping; while it is the "Unknown God" at whose breast we are tugging in this blessed swift moment, in all moments of our conscious life. Whence comes our real sustenance? Whence indeed, if not from the love, the beauty, the wealth, the power, the honor, the tasks and tears and virtue of the All-of-Life around us, which we touch and toil into? What do we serve, and what do we worship, but life itself? All else is idolatry. At the church we worship the merest semblance of God, our own mental image. The true altar of the true God is where thou hast toiled, and suffered, and wept, and won, and grown wiser and more beautiful and holy, when thy very least thought, possibly, was the thought of serving God. The true God is ever the *unknown God*, while the known God is but the ever-changing image of our "fleeing fancy."

Why, then, should we be so urgently compelled to believe that there is a God when it is our deeper right, our inexpressible privilege and our only hope, to stand in the conscious presence of life itself and see that God is?

This, then, is what I contend for, that our supposition that man must be conducted to his highest good by being cast into the mould of a creed, and stuffed—if I may be permitted to use the term—with impossible knowledge about God, is fundamentally wrong; and that the true conception is to let the human soul go free, to see for itself its own best self in the highest other life it can know. This is my idea of the Man-God. The highest man is, for all the rest of us, the nearest approach to complete and accurate knowledge of the real God. For all practical purposes the highest man is God to all who will diligently seek him. The light of his life is so far the light of the best. His sincere word is the word of truth. The promise of his life for all the future is the hope for all other life.

I frankly confess that I am weary with trying to believe that there is a God. Indeed I have reached the conviction that to believe that there is a God is detrimental, for the reason, that, to believe this is necessarily to believe that there is a *particular kind of God*. I must draw a mental image of Him. He must be made up of parts. My conception of Him must be more or less anthropomorphic. I must think of Him as possessing attributes, moral qualities, powers and purposes. He must bear the limitation of personality. The detriment, I say, proceeds from the necessity of having a particular kind of God; and how many such gods we have had in the ages! Now He is the God of a chosen people, and the hater of other gods. Then He is a bloody warrior and famine-sender. Now again He is broader and lovelier, but committed to a scheme of salvation, a wheel within a wheel; a maker of devils and hells, and for a thousand years a negotiator with Satan, or the lover of His people, an answerer of their prayers, and the consumer of His

enemies. Here in this sifting and critical age, this age of fact and the deep right meaning of fact, the strongest argument against God is the history He has made in the centuries. In other words, the belief in a God has so far proved itself fruitful only of insufferable views of God, until now the weary soul, unsatisfied, is longing for a new conception, a wider, completer experience. I hold that the faith of the *unknowable God*, about whom we can no more dogmatize, whom we can no longer utilize for the selfish purposes of sect and schism; in whose name we can never again strike down the moral excellencies of men, and consign to wrath either the uncorrupted babe or the full-blown beauty of that native virtue in mankind which, forsooth! has not "named the name of Christ" or professed faith in the "Triune God," is truer and in every way better than the faith of a *known God*. Suppose that we should now conclude that there is no God, or, at least, that there is no known or knowable God, what would we then do? Precisely the thing we ever should be doing, viz., *go in search of what is*, and go everywhere, on all lines of thought and faith, on such an errand. For, when with us it is all over, and we have disappeared through the outer door, what then shall we find? *Simply what is*, nothing more, nothing less. If God is, we shall find Him; if He is not, we shall find Him not, no matter what our beliefs have been. But in this case we shall be the gainers, for two reasons among others. First, the faith of the *unknowable* means an environment of infinite mystery, which is the sure inspiration to infinite inquiry. That faith will deepen and intensify the thirst for knowledge. In the second place, the search for the unknowable will make known the knowable; so that if God is, the knowledge of Him will forever increase: at least, the knowledge of what is will ever increase. Other knowledge than this, who would wish to have?

Moreover, in our study of what is, thus intensified and become universal, whether we are or are not finding God, we are making sure progress, unfolding the treasures of reality. We are losing no time, making no mistakes, in following a vain belief which the next age will be certain to repudiate. What progress we have made has been accomplished under the inspiration of the unknown. The church with its "known God" would have stood still; as still as it thought the Earth to stand when it taught the geocentric theory of the Universe, and had its Joshua commanding the sun to stand still. And it would have stood still logically; for if God is known, if all, indeed, that religiously concerns us is known, what more? In such a stand-still the race suffers unknown loss. Not only what is already known, but also, and even more so, the unknown bears a vital interest to man's being. Furthermore, the worship of the Unknown God is the only unfailing, infallible worship, because it is the love of the Real, the service of the Real, and a prayer ever directed towards Reality. It is the exaltation, adoration of what is; and a faith that out of the infinite Reality must come the infinite good. Such a faith teaches us to despise nothing, to hold all things sacred; and to prize each thing, whether material, moral or spiritual, for its possible intrinsic worth. Hitherto, we have despised man, and contemptuously scorned the worship of him; and have been all too willing to bruise, banish and burn him for the sake of the known God of our creeds. But I tell you that the religion of this Earth's near future will be the love, the service, the worship of man, who is to us the highest manifestation of the infinite Unknown. And what is more, the influence of human life over human life, is, in this sweet sacred hour of the world's thought and love, more real, more powerful, more divine, than is that of the known God of our historic creeds. What is it that actu-

ally stirs within us the deepest and holiest affections and ambitions? Is it this known God of the Creeds? We are taught to revere Him; possibly to stand in fear of Him; and willing, perhaps, to placate Him somewhat so that He will let us live in heaven after we die; but that which really, constantly, and universally arouses, commands, and satisfies the soul from baby-hood to old age, is the glory of man, the sweet mystery of woman, the consummate incomprehensibility of Life. Really, if we did but know it, you and I have more to do with and for each other than the God of the Creed has. It is the God in you that I worship, whether it be pathos, beauty, strength, wisdom, grandeur; and it is the same God that commands my energy and inspires my faith. Ask yourselves whether you live and act most really and constantly in view of the God of the Bible or of the veritable human life around you. Do you act as you do because there is a God or because there are other people? Which fact is it that creates and drives into infinite complexity the great industrialism of the world, the fact of God or the fact of man? By reason of which did Architecture and Art come to be? Which is it that inspires the deepest love of the heart? I frankly confess to you that I once loved a girl with the intensest awkwardness of my being. I tell you that practically we believe in and worship man through six days and twenty-three hours, and the God of the creed through one hour of the week; and that hour is sluggish compared with the swift fervency of all other time. Man, and not God is the inspiration of all that we do and achieve, all that we love and live for.

Once, let this faith, this universal interest, center in man, and immediately the highest man appears for each and all of us. He may not, need not, probably will not for all of us reside in the same person; but infallibly there will be for each of us a highest man, whose life shall be for us not law but power. Already there are multiplied thousands of people with whom the Creed-God has little if any influence whatever, but who are nevertheless inspired, and, to a greater or less extent, controlled, by some human life which is to them the reality of truth, the standard of excellence, or the model of beauty. By such, their own, "master," they will stand or fall. But how infinitely wide and various is the compass of living interest enclosed in this idea of the Man-God! Will it not bring home to each of us the realization of the might, the worthiness, the grandeur, the effectiveness of our own personal being? Will not the fittest specimen of life be everywhere and always getting itself ready to appear?

Around us all will speedily become audible a new inspiration, as of a voice from the oldest deep center of life, saying to each of us, "Get you forthwith, and by all means, into the fullest and highest realization of life, for behold! The old regime of living by rules and beliefs is passing away, a new order is growing visible, whose foundation beams are laid in the unconditioned reality of life, which is God. In it goodness will not be fixed by systems with their rules, conventional standards, catalogues of things arbitrarily denominated "good" and other things denominated "bad," nor by beliefs to be ever vainly striving to be consistent therewith; but goodness, beauty and happiness will be what the highest life is to-day and then what it shall be to-morrow. And in the new order, infinitely more than in the old, will that absolutely creedless man whom History has named "Jesus," standing silently, livingly great in the ranks of humanity, gather into himself, as into a luminous center, the potential influences of moral and economic life. Jesus is still my God; He and the girl I loved; He and my wise friend and counselor, my musician, my poet, my toiler, and my heroic sufferer and servant of men, everywhere and forever! I believe in

God; or, to speak more intelligibly if not more accurately in the Goodness of life of which you are an indestructible part.

Correspondence.

A MICHIGAN LETTER.

In a Boston letter to UNITY, last week, by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, amidst high and just encomiums upon Smith College, I am sorry to see that gloved thrust at other colleges of different methods, as it seems to me, in the closing sentence: "There are no public girl orators in the graduating class, whose members leave as truer women and pupils of wider training, because they have been under the personal supervision of a cautious scholar, a devout and manly Christian, a kind-hearted and far-seeing man, President Seeley."

The expression "girl orators" comes with marked inconsistency from the writer, who is always ready at a call to speak before any public assembly and who speaks well and to the point also. Should not people live their principles if they would impress them upon others? I have welcomed Mrs. Wells to the platform many times, and applauded with all cordiality her speeches, but why that thrust at others, when they only do the same that she does?

I rejoice in Smith College also, and would endorse much of what she says of President Seeley, but reading between the lines, or perhaps better say looking into the heart of the matter, I can but feel that Mrs. Wells' enthusiasm has been fed by President Seeley's intense prejudices against co-education and his overweening estimate of Smith College above all the colleges of our country. In a long conversation that I once had with him, Michigan University, with its grand advantages, was but a high school for the semi-barbarians of the West, and all the rude tales of the demoralized girl students, their going into woods hunting, the girls carrying the gun while the young men carried the pouch,—in short, all the rudenesses of half-civilized society were to him undoubted truths, from which all institutions that contemplated the fearful system of co-education might take warning. I could not have believed, had I not personally encountered them, that such vagaries and unfounded prejudices could exist in the brain of a broad and "kind-hearted, far-seeing" man.

A MICHIGAN WOMAN.

DEAR UNITY:—"Won't you send a letter for UNITY about your P. O. Mission work?" asks our Secretary, and truly if a good word has come to me, why shall I not give it to you?

First, I want to say I think this work should be more largely recognized by the Unitarian Churches and ampler provisions made for its support, so we who so gladly and thankfully give of our time and strength need not be hampered by a lack of funds as we so often are.

I know of my own experience that the good deed we sow is blessed of God and bears fruit for His kingdom in the deepening and uplifting of the lives of many to whom one word comes as manna to those who hunger and thirst for the "living water." Scattered over these broad prairies are many who are almost wholly cut off from social, intellectual or religious privileges, and to them the P. O. mission is an untold blessing unappreciated by those who dwell in cities or in the thickly-settled regions of the East.

I recall one, a lonely old man whose best-loved ones had "gone before," leaving him in great doubt as to their continued existence. Skeptical to a fault he yet longed to know if there was life and love beyond the grave. I selected from my supplies of sermons and papers such as seemed best suited to his need, and, week by week, I gave to him. He read all eagerly, and, in time, came to tell me "It is all right now, my doubts and fears are gone and I

can go on with new faith and courage." And this is but one among many who have written of the same great good coming to them through "the blessed literature you send."

Sometimes, to our limited vision, it seems that the seed "falls by the wayside," or on "stony soil," but all time is ours when we work with God, and who shall say what may come of it some future day? The Father "giveth the increase," and surely He will take care that nothing is wasted or misapplied. So let us not withhold our hand, but keep steadily at work, believing with Emerson, "there is guidance for each of us," and we are helping others to know its restful truth.

C. H. K.

FAY, KANSAS, February 3, 1890.

The Study Table.

LATE UNITY MISSION WORK.

The Unity Publishing Committee has recently issued four new tracts, Nos. 32 to 35, in the "Unity Mission" series, and Nos. 24 to 26 of the "Unity Short Tracts." The former cost five cents apiece or twenty-five cents for ten; the latter one cent each or, Nos. 24 and 35, sixty cents, and No. 26, 30 cents, per hundred.

No. 33 is Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley's paper on "The Ideal Unitarian Church," originally read before the Women's Unitarian Association, then before the Western Conference last May and already familiar to the readers of UNITY.

No. 33 is by John W. Chadwick on "Unitarism, a Democratic System of Religion." Mr. Chadwick argues that Unitarism is not only through its Congregational polity "of and by the people," but in its doctrine adapted "for the people." He makes it very clear that there is no such thing as accepting any faith except on the basis of reason,—some sort of reason. It may be a very poor one—and that the religious doctrines which Unitarians count essential are much more easily understood than those embodied in the traditional creeds. There is no doubt that the reason why an average audience are apt to think a doctrinal sermon from an Orthodox, so much more intelligible than one from a Unitarian pulpit is because in the former case the terminology is familiar while in the latter case it sounds strange. They certainly do not understand the dogma of the Trinity. But the language in which it is stated has been dinned into their ears from childhood; and there is always a certain satisfaction in meeting an old friend, even though he be a veritable sphinx.

No. 34 by E. P. Powell on "The Religion of Evolution," is a concise statement of the thought expounded with great attractiveness and success in "Our Heredity from God." There is no truth of which progressive thoughtful people are at present in greater need than that the evolutionary view of life at the same time brings God nearer to man and makes the human soul partake more fully of the very substance of God.

No. 35 is by W. C. Gannett on "The Faith of Ethics and the Thought of God." Probably every mind that dwells much on the serious things of life finds itself impelled at frequent intervals to attempt for itself a re-statement of the relation between morality and religion; and probably the reason why no statement long seems satisfactory is the fact which Mr. Gannett insists upon in this little tract, that while religion and morality come to us as different phases of the problem of life, they are but the opposite sides of the same shield. Penetrate either far enough and you will reach the other.

No. 24 of the Short Tracts is Mrs. Emma E. Marean's account of the way in which "We Raise Our Conference Money."

No. 25 is a brief presentation by John C. Learned of "Old and New Views of Religion."

No. 26, "A Mother's Cry," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, is an answer to a correspondent of UNITY who seeks some word of consolation in the midst of the hardships of frontier life.

All these additions to both series of Unity tracts will be welcome to P. O. mission workers. Without any disparagement to the rest, perhaps it may be added that Nos. 33, 34, and 35 of the longer and No. 25 of the shorter series will meet a large demand among the scattered Liberals or would-be Liberals who are feeling their way towards a larger and truer faith.

H. D. M.

Eating for Strength; or, Food and Diet in their Relation to Health and Work. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co., \$1.00.

Dr. Holbrook is Professor of Hygiene in the N. Y. Medical College and Hospital for Women, editor of the *Herald of Health*, and author of several useful books. In the present volume of 250 pages he gives many valuable hints as to food and work, and aims to adapt the latest scientific information on the subject to daily use. He explains the relation of different kinds of food to the needs of the human body, and presents carefully arranged tables showing the cost of various articles of diet, and the relative amount of nutrition therein contained. He recognizes constitutional differences in persons and lays down no hard and fast rules for everybody, but is suggestive to meat-eater and vegetarian alike. The interest of the book is enhanced by bits of personal experience gleaned from letters of correspondents relating to different methods of living. A chapter is devoted to fruits,—the apple and the grape getting the most attention; and sixty-nine closely printed pages of recipes are added. In a prefatory note to the addenda the cook is exhorted "to put his or her whole soul into the work," and "to mix brains with the ingredients." The italics are ours. Dr. Holbrook advocates economy and simplicity in living, and many of his suggestions, if adopted, would surely increase the sum of human health and happiness.

J. R. E.

Home Counsels. By Grace Martineau. Sunday-school Association, London.

These are some very real glimpses of home-life, and the pleasures and struggles of a young brother and sister, who, with the help of mother and father tried to be true and brave every day. These "Home Counsels" were printed in the "Sunday-school Helper," published each month in London, but are now put into this attractive book form at the request of many teachers and parents who, having found them both interesting and helpful in training their children, are glad to have them in this more permanent shape.

E. T. L.

The Psychology of Attention. By Th. Ribot, Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology at the College de France, Editor of the "Revue Philosophique." Authorized translation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company; 75 cents.

Too learned a treatise to attract a large circle of readers. It is encouraging, however, that an American publisher should think it worth while to make provision for the saving "remnant."

H. D. M.

MISS A. C. FOWLER, ("Sister Rose") the young lady who has just gone out as nurse to the Leper Islands, left with London publishers the manuscript of a little work called "Stories and Legends of the Infant Jesus." It will also be brought out in New York by Messinger & Co.

FUNK & WAGNALLS have in preparation "Wendell Phillips, the Agitator," by Carlos Martyn, a writer who enjoyed a close personal acquaintance with the famous orator and philanthropist.

THE "American Men of Letters" series is soon to include a biography of William Cullen Bryant, by John Bigelow.

Notes from the Field.

Boston, Mass.—Rev. H. C. McDougall, of Rockland, Mass., near Boston, addressed on Monday the Monday Club, on "The emphatic part of a minister's work." He believes in touching the heart rather than the intellect, making homes to be eminently religious, making children to be cheerful Christians, multiplying Christian work in neighboring towns. This is the work of ministers. Bro. McDougall believes in parlor societies and hall gatherings and in organizing a Sunday school where a church cannot be sustained. The parable of the Good Samaritan will be made the subject of the next Normal class lesson in Channing Hall. The leader will be Mr. E. T. Horne.

Beginning Feb. 9th, a series of Sunday evening Unitarian Temperance meetings will be held in Parker Memorial Hall and in the Unitarian Chapels of Boston and vicinity.

Rev. James De Normandie closed his series of Sunday evening lectures on Sacred Hymns by an evening of extracts from American sacred poetry. These hymns he thought equal to the earlier ones in piety and faith, and more hopeful of an acceptable immortal life.

The Episcopal services, six in number, lately held in the Grand Opera House, were all well attended. The audiences, made up entirely of non-church goers, were very orderly and attentive. At the last meeting, the Navy Yard Orchestra and a boy's choir gave the music for an opening half-hour concert.

Last Sunday Rev. Chas. G. Ames gave to a crowded audience in his church, the first chapters in his religious experience, "The religion of my childhood." The lessons of his early Orthodox church-going filled his childish heart with terror. Their impressions still cling to him, even after their errors have been unlearned by his intellect. He believed himself wholly sinful, and he also believed that the roaring fires of hell were waiting to burn his still sensitive body and his material soul after his death. He was steeped in the Bible. He could not love God, but he feared the Devil tremblingly. Dread of the jeers of playmates prevented his joining the church. His greatest joy would then have been an assurance of later annihilation. At 14 years of age, in 1842, he was baptized into a Freewill Baptist Church in a winter revival, and then he was sure he was in heavenly ways, only his doubts came as his pious parents objected to his new views. He then thought so deeply on religious matters that gray hairs began to appear on his head. Soon after he became an apprentice in the Freewill Baptist printing office in Dover. He now believes those hard experiences of youth have proved valuable to him; yet he knows a better way for a young man and a young woman to grow up religious. He will give five more sermons in the series, telling "How I became a Baptist minister," "Experiences on the Western frontier," "My theological crisis," "A new departure," "Thirty years among Unitarians."

New York League of Unitarian Women.—Our Brooklyn Correspondent writes: On Friday morning, February 7th, the fourth meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held at the First Unitarian Church, (Rev. H. Price Collier,) Brooklyn, N. Y. The subject for the day was: 1. "Unitarianism, its beginning and growth; its distinctive doctrines and aims. 2. What have been its defects and why? 3. Its constructive power. 4. Its possible future. 5. What is the call of the hour to Unitarian women?" And, like a battle cry of old, it had been heard within and without Unitarian homes, and had served to gather together an unusually large and attentive audience. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells of Boston gave a brief account of the growth of Unitarianism. She traced Unitarianism from its Jewish birth in Monotheism, to American shores, where the Pilgrims, self exiled for the sake of spiritual liberty, and the revolution for political liberty, had prepared the way for "more light." Here Unitarianism found a home in Congregational churches, and there remained, so near akin were they, until the inspired Channing drew his followers on to a broader outlook. King's Chapel in Boston, the first Unitarian Church in America; the establishment of the Divinity School at Harvard; the forming of the American Unitarian Association, and the organization of the National Conference in 1865, were touched upon as the progressive, important steps of the movement. Mrs. Wells stated the leading tenets of the Unitarian faith to be, belief in the unity and fatherhood of God; belief in the dignity of human nature; belief in the right and duty of using reason; belief in the Bible, not as plenary inspired but as a book full of beauty and inspiration; belief in the miracles as either acts according to laws and forces not yet known, or as loving exaggerations of Christ's followers and biographers; belief in Christ as the Great One, having a mission and authority to all, and a divinity to some. The speaker resumed her seat amid hearty applause. It was voted to publish the paper. Mrs. T. R. Slicer had the ungracious task of pointing out the defects of Unitarianism. She ascribed the more numerous adherents of Orthodoxy to the attractiveness of its doctrine of rewards and punishments and its purely devotional attitude. On the other hand, Unitarianism suffered in popularity in so far as it appealed to the head rather than heart, and was more of an intellectual conviction than a religious inspiration. Having a too strongly marked individuality, Unitarianism had been too prone to let alone, if it was let alone. Enjoying a

small, but delightful circle, it, too often, failed in cordially welcoming outsiders. Its simple creed drew people of one mind only, who could satisfy themselves in one kind of church, while the complexity of the Orthodox creeds necessitated the building of many churches for its many sects. Rev. Carrie J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., gave brave words on the thought-side of Unitarianism. To her it was a movement, progress being fundamental to it. Some day it would be the faith of the world. To be true to our ideals, there must be freedom of inquiry, and freedom of will outside and inside our churches. Membership does not mean ownership. Follow the spirit of Truth wherever it may lead, for we dare not be less religious than science. To Mrs. B. Ward Dix was assigned the pleasant task of telling Unitarian women what was the call of the hour to them. In prose-poetry she drew a glowing picture of what love and zeal combined could bring to each soul inside and outside of the church. The Post Office Mission was the active work to which Unitarian women should lend a hand. A universal sisterhood would establish the church of the spirit where only two or three were gathered together. The morning now drew to a close, and with a word of greeting from the President of the National Alliance, Mrs. Fifield, who was present, the meeting adjourned and was followed by the usual feast from box lunches, and social talk.

Meadville Theological School.—The following correspondence announces the retirement of Dr. Livermore from the Presidency of the Meadville School:

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 10, 1889.

Alfred Huidekoper, Esq., President of Board of Trustees.

DEAR SIR.—I take the opportunity now afforded to resign into your hands the office of President of the Board of Instruction, which I shall have held at the close of the present school year for twenty-seven years, and the office of professor non-resident and resident for thirty-five years. I should prefer, if agreeable to the trustees, that my resignation should take effect at the close of the present school year. I thank the trustees individually and collectively for their cordial co-operation in all means deemed wise and useful for the welfare of the institution, and for the courtesy and sympathy shown towards my associates and myself, unbroken so far as I am aware, by any word of discord or alienation during these many years. Praying for the blessing of God upon our beloved school and you, its trustees, I remain, very cordially and sincerely yours,

ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Feb. 8, 1890.

Rev. A. A. Livermore, D. D.

DEAR SIR.—On behalf of the Board of Trustees of the Meadville Theological School, we would advise you that your resignation, as tendered by your letter of Dec. 10, 1889, has been accepted; and in so doing we desire to reciprocate all your expressions of personal regard and of recognition of the harmonious relations that have ever existed between the Board of Instruction over which you have so long presided and our Board of Trustees. And we desire further to express our appreciation of the fidelity and consecration with which you have through the long series of years discharged the duties of your important office as President of the Board of Instruction. Many problems, both theoretical and practical in the administration of the institution, have demanded from time to time the exercise of great wisdom and care, which they have ever received at your hands. We express not only the sentiments of the board, but as we confidently believe the sentiments of the alumni and friends of the school and of the community of the city of Meadville, in saying that your influence has ever been promotive of unity and harmony and a Christian spirit in the community, and that on retiring you will carry with you our warmest wishes for your future welfare.

A. HUIDEKOPER, President.

JOSEPH SHIPPEN, Secretary.

La Porte, Ind.—Our society mourns the loss of one of its sweetest, bravest members, Miss Issie Winn. To know her, to learn the motives that actuated her in life, was to admire and love her. In the society she was ever an enthusiastic believer and helper. Her faith made her hopeful and strong in life; her faith made her brave in sickness and lovely in death. While the society loses much, its loss is not to be compared with that of the bereaved family. She was indeed the pride and light of the household. The hearts of the society go out to the members of the sorrowing family. While they know its members must have their hours of tender thought, chastened memories and heartfelt longings, yet their prayer is that the God of comfort and consolation may sustain them in their hours of darkness and grief. The funeral was largely attended, Rev. Mila F. Tupper officiating. Miss Tupper gave a noble, tender and, best of all, a truthful eulogy of the deceased.

Cleveland, O.—The Cleveland Unity Club, writes our correspondent, are studying Ancient Rome, its history and literature, this winter. The course includes two illustrated lectures, one of which on "Pompeii and Roman Private Life," was given by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Nov. 13. The other one, "The City of Rome," will be given by Mr. Herman A. Kelley, Feb. 19. The presentation by the club, last year, of the *Cedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles met with such marked success and aroused in so large a circle an enthusiasm for

the life, art and literature of those wonderful Greeks that the club is trying to make real, in the same way, a part of that complex civilization that we call Rome. *Plautus' comedy of Trinummus* has been selected for reproduction, not only because it seems best adapted to the modern stage, but also because it offers special advantages in presenting varied phases of Roman life which are to be utilized to the utmost. A strong cast is rehearsing the comedy, and the various committees who have in charge the prologue, and the wedding procession which is to form the epilogue, have obtained reports of the annual presentation of a Latin comedy by the Westminster School, London, and also of the less pretentious reproductions at Michigan University, have availed themselves of many suggestions in these reports, and have already made such progress in their work that the Latin comedy promises to be as much of an event as the Greek tragedy of a year ago.

St. Louis, Mo.—Under the auspices of Unity Club, Frederick M. Crunden, formerly Professor of Elocution at Washington University, will give a series of five familiar talks on Elocution, in the parlors of the Church of the Unity, (corner of Park and Armstrong avenues). The principles of good reading will be explained, and direction for self instruction given. Abundant illustration by the reading of extracts from the best authors will, it is hoped, make the lessons interesting to all persons who desire to gain some knowledge of the art, even though they may not intend, or care, to practice it. The charge will be \$1.00 for the course, and the proceeds will go to the charity fund of the church. The lectures will take place successive Monday evenings, beginning February 10th, at 8 o'clock. The following is an outline of the topics to be treated: Monday, Feb. 10th: General Principles, Breathing, Articulation, Pronunciation, Monday, Feb. 17th: Quality of Voice. Monday, Feb. 24th: Inflection, Emphasis, Force and Pitch. Monday, March 3d: Phrasing, Stress. Monday, March 10th: Gesture and Dramatic Expression.

Fargo, North Dakota.—Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, sends word of his preaching in Fargo, Feb. 2 and 9, also of lecturing during the week, and visiting Grand Forks, but not speaking there. He reports large audiences, and the organization of the First Unitarian society of Fargo on the morning of the 9th. A number of influential citizens have identified themselves with the movement. The first Unitarian meetings were held here last June, led by Mr. Ballou and Mr. Crothers. This winter Mr. Ballou has held regular services for about two months, with most encouraging results. From Fargo Mr. Crothers went to Aitkin, Minn., preaching and lecturing. The Duluth society has called Rev. T. J. Volentine, of Brighton, Mass.

The Pacific Coast.—We are in receipt of the sixth annual report of the Pacific Unitarian Conference, held in Portland, Oregon, Sept. 25-29, 1889. It is a pamphlet of twenty-two pages, giving full reports of the sessions of the Conference, with lists of delegates from ten societies, and other delegates at large,—in all forty-seven. We noticed at the time the spirited and encouraging report of the retiring Secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, and the gracious welcome given to his successor, Rev. Thomas Van Ness. This Conference is a vigorous branch of the Unitarian body, and sets us all an example of energy and industry that we may well emulate.

Chicago.—Two weeks ago the Pastor of All Soul's church asked for something to keep the shivering ones in Dakota warm. On the next Wednesday the ladies shipped eight barrels, two sacks and one big trunk full of carefully selected clothing and other contributions in kind. The goods were sent directly to those personally known, in the parish, for distribution. Word has come back "from your store we have already supplied many families who had little or nothing to protect them from the cold winds of winter, and we expect soon to provide many more."

—Rev. J. V. Blake and Mr. W. M. Salter exchanged last Sunday. Mr. Salter spoke on "The New Standard of Judgment, which Morality implies."

Beatrice, Neb.—A private letter from Miss Leggett brings the following word concerning her work as minister of the First Unitarian Society: "My congregations yesterday, morning and evening, Feb. 9, were excellent. My morning subject was, 'Prisoners of Poverty.' In the evening I gave Mr. Channing's Temperance address. Our study class of Ethnic Religions grows in interest. Our next lecture is by an ex-minister to France, a prominent attorney, and poet, too. His subject, 'National Music illustrated by National Songs.'"

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Rev. Dr. Townsend has been in Chicago for several days enjoying a brief respite from his labors in building up a new Unitarian church in Pittsburgh. The new church grows in his hands, gains in solidity and consistency and hopes to attain to larger proportions. His presence is most welcome at the Chicago Headquarters, and we bid him Godspeed in his good work.

"FORCIBLE, EASILY UNDERSTOOD. BETTER THAN ALMOST ANYTHING ELSE WRITTEN."

NATIONALISM OR PLUTOCRACY?

By EDWARD BELLAMY.

"The famous address, now prepared for popular circulation." Sent post paid for two cents. Address JAMES H. WEST, Publisher, 196 Summer Street Boston.

The Sailing of King Olaf, and Other Poems.—By Alice Williams Brotherton. A ballad founded on the old Norse legend, with seventy-two other poems of great variety as to subject. Cloth, square 18mo; handsomely bound, with full-page illustration in gilt on the cover. 145 pages. 50 cents.

The poem which gives the book its title is well known, while the others, all short pieces, are not only musical but full of thought and delicious fancy.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"The Sailing of King Olaf," the poem which gives the book its title, is a finely treated Norse legend, and the "Rose Songs" are very light and dainty, showing great delicacy of imagination and sportive play of fancy.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

There is no want of variety in these poems; in subject, treatment and metre a pleasing change is constantly made. There are some which satisfy us with a single reading, while others we re-read with pleasure, retaining a few in permanent friendship.—*Providence Sunday Telegram*.

We can not recall another book of recent poetry of anything like the same dimensions that has an equal diversity. It is the work of a real poet, and one who has at times a daring inspiration.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

A Pure Souled Liar.—An anonymous novel of life in the atmosphere of a Boston art school. The motive of the story is the renunciation made by a pure young girl, who sacrifices her own reputation to save a friend. Paper, 16mo., pp. 191. 30 cents.

"Terse, compact, rapid and intense."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"There is nothing unworthy here, either in morals or in art."—*Philadelphia American*.

"Original in plot, entertaining in development, and pervaded with a wonderful air of reality."—*Toledo Bee*.

"For originality of plot, finished and entertaining style, and high purpose, one of the most notable books of fiction recently issued from the press."—*The Open Court*.

Liberty and Life.—By E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God." Contents: Life and Death, what they are; Sin a Crime Against Life; Righteousness Obedience to Law; Sinning Against the Holy Spirit; A Sound Mind in a Sound Body; Is the Average Life Worth the Living? The True, the Beautiful and the Good; Not Allopathy nor Homeopathy, but Sympathy; The True Life; The Doing Creed; The Keys; A Bundle of Paradoxes; A Substitute for Orthodoxy; The Two Theologies; Natural Moral Compensation; Character; The Religion of the Future; New Year's in 1982. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 208, 75 cents.

Remarkable for its boldness of thought and its terse, vigorous sentences. The author is not orthodox in his creed, but his words breathe reverence for his conception of God, for humanity and for the teachings of Jesus. Especially strong is his argument that the wilful wasting of life is sin, and his graphic and poetic portrayal of the constant expenditure of life through which men live by being able to die. Each thought and word and action, he says, costs life, and men live grandly as they are able to die grandly and rapidly. The book shows evidences of research and study and is interesting throughout.

Manual Training in Education.—By James Vila Blake, with a preface by Prof. C. M. Woodward, Director of the Manual Training School of St. Louis. Paper, 18mo, 94 pages, 25 cents.

The little volume, from its style and from the new point of view from which the author treats of manual training, deserves to be widely read.—*Omaha Republican*.

Legends from Storyland.—By James Vila Blake. Cloth, 16mo, illustrated, 87 pages, beside twelve full-page illustrations, 50 cents.

Mr. Blake's story telling is delightful, thoroughly simple and clear and highly calculated to thoroughly interest and entertain children.—*Buffalo Times*.

Any book advertised by us will be sent prepaid by mail or express on receipt of price. For \$5.00 cash with order, we will send books to the amount of \$5.00 at advertised prices, and Unity one year free; this offer applying both to renewals and new subscriptions.

Address
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

OUTLINE STUDY OF BROWNING'S PARACELSUS.
BY MRS. FANNY HOLY.

"It is able, comprehensive and full of interest, and being intended as an aid to the study of one of Browning's most important works, is rather appreciative than critical. Readers of Browning will find it very helpful in enlarging their enjoyment of the poet's works."—*St. Louis Republic*.

Octavo 46 pages, daintily bound in white and ribbon tied. Price, 60 cents. For sale by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Home.

"OUR MOTHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

I am not well posted on the ideas relative to the personality of God. The innumerable creeds and religions of the past and of to-day have not been a favorite study of mine, so I do not know whether the following is original or an "absorption." In either case, it is good from my point of view, if only that it served to help me one night to the pleasantest dreams I had enjoyed in years, dreams recalling the "dreaming upon nothing" of a third of a century ago.

Last fall when ducks were thick at Fox Lake I visited the spot with gun and tackle bent on sport. After careful inquiry I chose as a guide a "pot-hunter" who had the reputation of being the quietest man in the county. He was a "squatter," lived in a primitive shanty, and had two very useful sons, twins, of say somewhere between 9 and 14 years of age. They were handsome, manly, and bright little boys, and strangely clean withal, and if there is anything worthy of praise it is cleanliness maintained under difficulties, for its own sweet self alone.

The first night I slept in the house, the pot-hunter (I forget his name), after waiting a long time in vain for me to retire, suddenly told the boys to go to bed, and in a few minutes they were in their little white gowns and kneeling together before me. It was not until they had finished repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison and were lying side by side in bed that it dawned on me that instead of addressing the prayer to "Our Father" they had said "Our Mother, Who Art in Heaven," etc.

The more I thought of the change the better I liked it, and I went to bed feeling back for the old times when the prayer was an every day affair with me. As I rolled myself up in my blanket the pot-hunter cheered up the fire a bit with a fresh knot or two and kindly disappeared, without asking any of those internally annoying questions that are supposed to be part and parcel of hospitality. By judicious head-scratching I recollected that the last time I had said "Our Father," was at least twenty years back, kneeling before a great open fire place, with knots cracking, snapping, and spluttering an accompaniment that I had likened at the time to the snarling of a baffled devil. Whether I fell asleep before completing the details of the picture of the fireside in the old homestead, or whether I fell asleep and dreamed it all out, I don't know, but it was a pleasant night, undisturbed by visions of anything that had occurred since the last prayer I had managed to place before sleeping.

The next morning, after hurried preparations, we started out with our guns and were soon lying snug in the cold mud of the swamp-lake, waiting for a duck as foolish about early rising as ourselves, to come within range. One duck was preening his feathers all by himself at quite a distance, and while we watched him I broached the subject of the boy's change from the usual version of the prayer. I think he appreciated my having waited until we were alone, and I also think he was pleased with his adaptation of the prayer, for his manner changed, his eyes softened, and the tones of his voice mellowed down and lost their careless nasal effects.

"O, that's all right," he began; "the boys just like it that way somehow or other. It's jest this way, ye see, they had a mighty good mother fer them, an' I wan't never cut out fer a father, least they never see much ov me w'en they was kids: 's jest 's well they didn't, I reckon, but that's the way it was. Bein' twins, mebbey they wasn't strong. Sick all the time one way or 'nother, an' allus in their mother's arms, day in an' day out, an' all night. Seemed like they grew on'er. W'y up to the time she—she left, the three of 'em was allus

in reach ev'ry minute, sleepin' an' wakin', an' w'en I was 'round I was 'sleep abed. Course w'en it come she lef', w'y then I hed to stay 'round some, but guess I was new to the boys in a way, ye might say, an' they didn't seem to understan' me no more'n I co'd understan' them, that's a fac'."

Here he paused a little, pretending the one duck required attention, but as soon as he was ready to continue, his gun came back to place again.

"Didn't seem to make no sort o' headway with 'em; they couldn't talk so's I co'd git their meaning', 'cept nights they'd kinder git the words out o' 'Now I lay me down to sleep; an' bimeby I got tired uv that an' I jes' went over to the village an' got the preacher to set me right on the Lord's prayer, as they call it. W'en I got home I tried it on the boys an' they took it up quick enough, but I see they didn't see nothin' in it; didn't seem to see it meant anythin' pertickler, an' I caught 'em one or two nights whisperin' the old prayer to themselves in bed. Funny, wa'n't it, little fellers fo' years ole likin' to pray? Then I got to thinkin' it all over an' at las' I hit it. Ye see 'Our Father' couldn't mean much of anythin' good to 'em 'cause I was their father, an' I couldn't blame 'em much fer wonderin' what 'twas all about. 'Our Father' meant me, o' course. I was their father an' hadn't never acted s' if I'd been perticklerly sot on 'em or so's they'd be sot on me. Well, well, you ought a seen 'em the next night w'en I jes' changed the words an' made 'em say 'Our Mother; my, they fell in line like a flock o' duck a drivin' up wind, an' gimme the words with jest as much feelin' an' meanin' as the fellars 'at make a good fat livin' a sayin' it. That's their idea o' God, their Mother, an' I ain't lowin' no one to try an' prove on it. Jest the change of a word but it's bein' the makin' of 'em, yes, sir, its made two rattlin' good boys out of 'em' an' they might o' favored their dad an' all his low-down ways.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION.

By HERBERT SPENCER.

PAPER, OCTAVO: 15 CENTS, Post paid.

A HALF CENTURY OF SCIENCE,

By THOMAS H. HUXLEY

and GRANT ALLEN.

PAPER, OCTAVO: 15 CENTS, post paid.

For 30 cents we will mail these two books and UNITY 10 weeks to any name not now on our list. Send for catalogue of other scientific books at low prices.

Address:

CHARLES H. KERR & Co., Publishers.
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists,
London, England.



CHURCH LIGHT.

Reflector Chandeliers

840 STYLES OF REFLECTORS.

Complete Line of

Gas Machines, Lanterns, Etc.

Street Lighting by Contract. Send for

Catalogues and Estimates.

BOSTON. PHILADELPHIA.

Western Wheeler Reflector Co.,

195-197 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

LOOK HERE.

THOROUGH BRED POULTRY. All the popular varieties. Catalogue free.

E. J. KIRBY, Marshall, Mich.

POWDER POINT SCHOOL.

Prepares for scientific school, college, or business. Laboratories. The boys are members of the family. Frederick B. Knapp, S. B. (M. I. T.) Duxbury, Mass.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A Sermon.
2c. mailed. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Pub's, Chicago.

LATEST UNITY TRACTS.

ISSUED SINCE THE PREPARATION OF CLASSIFIED LIST.

U. M. No. 32. The Ideal Unitarian Church, by Celia P. Woolley, is a vision of the ideal church, in its beauty and power, in its breadth and inclusiveness, not the less reverent that it is rational, nor the less rational that it is reverent. The author finds a strong hint and promise of the ideal church in the early history of the Unitarian movement in New England. The tract is a noble plea for the frank acceptance of the logical results of Unitarian principles.

U. M. No. 33. Unitarianism a Democratic System of Religion, by John W. Chadwick, takes up the question so often asked, Is Unitarianism suited to the masses? It will meet with a hearty response in the experience of Post-office Mission workers.

U. M. No. 34. The Religion of Evolution, by E. P. Powell, responds to a need long felt in our tract work. It is written in the short topic style, stating clearly and in condensed shape the beliefs, hopes and affirmations warranted by Evolution. More than any other thing on our tract list it will help Post-office mission workers in meeting the questions, perplexities and doubts of their correspondents.

U. M. No. 35. The Faith of Ethics and the Thought of God, by W. C. Gannett. A statement that "Ethics, thought out, is religious thought; ethics, felt out, is religious feeling; ethics, lived out, is religious life." And then the question is answered, "What of the thought of God under this conception of the Faith of Ethics?"

U. M. No. 36. The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity, by Theodore Parker. The famous sermon of 1841, after which the village preacher began to be the Theodore Parker of history. His heresy is now the common-places of liberal religious thought; but the vigorous yet reverent distinctions he then drew between the transient and the permanent elements in Christianity are the distinctions which every mind changing from an old faith to a new, should make. There are many such travellers to-day, and Parker's word can help them still.

Unity Mission Tracts, 5 cents each; ten for 25 cents.

T. No. 24. How We Raise our Conference Money, by Emma E. Marean. One cent; 30 cents per hundred.

S. T. No. 25. Old and New Views of Religion, by John C. Learned. One cent; 60 cents per hundred.

S. T. No. 26. A Mother's Cry, by J. L. Jones. One cent; 30 cents per hundred.

UNITY HYMN AND SERVICE BOOKS.

Unity Hymns and Chorals. For the Congregation and the Home. 253 Hymns, 66 Hymn Tunes, 23 Chorals and Choral Responses. Edited by W. C. Gannett, J. V. Blake and F. L. Hosmer. Cloth, 35 cents; per dozen, \$3.00; per hundred \$25.00.

Responsive Readings for minister and congregation. Compiled by T. B. Forbush. Cloth, 35 cents; per dozen, \$3.00; per hundred, \$25.00.

Unity Hymns, Chorals and Responsive Readings, bound together; cloth, 50 cents; per dozen, \$5.00; per hundred, \$40.00.

Unity Hymns and Services. A combination book containing all the matter in the books above named, with the addition of 14 pages of Hymns to Revival Tunes ("Love to God and Love to Man") and 100 pages of Sunday-school responses and music ("Unity Services and Songs.") Cloth, 60 cents; per dozen, \$6.00; per hundred, \$50.00.

Scriptures Old and New. Arranged by subjects for Pulpit Readings, etc. Selected by F. L. Hosmer and H. M. Simmons. Interleaved for additions. In paper, 35 cents; boards 50 cents.

*Prices for single copies include prepayment of postage by us, but prices by the dozen or hundred are for the books in Chicago, purchaser to pay freight.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

VICK'S SEEDS PLANTS

FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1890, the Pioneer Seed Catalogue of America, contains complete list of Vegetables, Flowers, Bulbs, Potatoes and Small Fruits, with descriptions and prices. Same shape and style as proved so satisfactory last year. Many new and elegant illustrations handsome colored plate 8 x 10 1/2 inches, and frontispiece. **Special Cash Prizes \$1000.00; see Floral Guide.** Every person who owns a foot of land or cultivates a plant should have a copy. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents, which amount may be deducted from first order. **ABRIDGED CATALOGUE FREE.**

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M. A.

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, \$1.00.

CONTENTS.

The Origin and Growth of the Bible.

The Men who wrote it.

Its Relation to the Times from which it came.

Its Progressive Character.

How its various Books came to be gathered into a Canon.

The Nature of its inspiration.

Its Relation to the Apocryphal Books of both the Old and the New Testaments.

Its Fallibility or Infallibility.

Analogies between it and the other Great Sacred Books of the World.

PRESS NOTICES.

"In his brochure Mr. Sunderland has given us the cream of the cream of the best thought and scholarship upon these subjects."—*Chicago Times.*

"The author has approached his subject in the most reverent spirit, and let shine in his little work the best lights of modern Biblical literature."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I can most heartily recommend this capital work."—ROBERT COLLIER.

"We know of no other book which presents in a clear, brief popular way such a scientific, rational, reverent and tender study of a great subject—the Bible."—*Unitarian Herald (England).*

May be ordered from the office of "The Unitarian," Ann Arbor, Michigan, or through any book-store.

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

1. AS A CALLING FOR YOUNG MEN.

2. AS A CALLING FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Price: Cloth, 50c; Paper, 25c.

"Its spirit is earnest; its style is charming: it is the best estimate of the liberal ministry as a life-work we have ever seen."—*Universalist Record.*

"The book is earnest, honest, noble. We commend it to all parents, as they deliberate on what they shall do with their sons and daughters. We commend it to all young men and women who are pondering in their hearts the momentous problem as to what they shall undertake for a life-work."—DR. J. COLEMAN ADAMS, Chicago.

"I have read with great interest your book on the Liberal Ministry, especially your plea for the admission of women. In this country the preaching woman is unknown; but what you write upon the qualification of women for the whole ministry has my entire sympathy."—DR. A. KUENEN, Leiden, Holland.

"Do you know any way to supply me with a hundred copies for use in my Post Office mission work."—REV. JOHN BROWN, Lawrence, Kansas.

"Most excellent! I have met with no treatment of the subject of the second essay at all to be compared with it."—PROF. GEO. L. CARY, Meadville, Pa.

May be ordered from the Publisher, or from the office of "The Unitarian," Ann Arbor, Michigan.

WHAT DO UNITARIANS BELIEVE? By Rev. J. T. Sunderland. A concise, attractive little 16-page pamphlet. Small enough to slip into a letter.

New edition; thirty-fifth thousand. Reprinted by request of a number of Post-office Mission workers.

Price, 10 cents a dozen; 75 cents a hundred; \$5.00 a thousand.

Order from the A. U. A. rooms, Boston, or from the office of THE UNITARIAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.

KINDERGARTEN

A Monthly for Home and School. Sample copy free.

Kindergarten Stories and typical lessons. Endorsed by National Teachers' Association. \$2.00 a year.

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & Co. Chicago, Ill.

Announcements.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.—Corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Services at 10:45 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH.—Corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday services at 11:00 A. M. Sunday-school at 10:00 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Feb. 23, Mr. Jones will preach, subject, "How to make Patriots." Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Teachers' meeting every Friday evening at 7:45.

UNITY CHURCH, Hinsdale.—Herbert Taft Root, minister. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

Western Unitarian Conference.

Amounts received by Treasurer of the Western Unitarian Conference up to date on account of current expenses for 1889-'90:

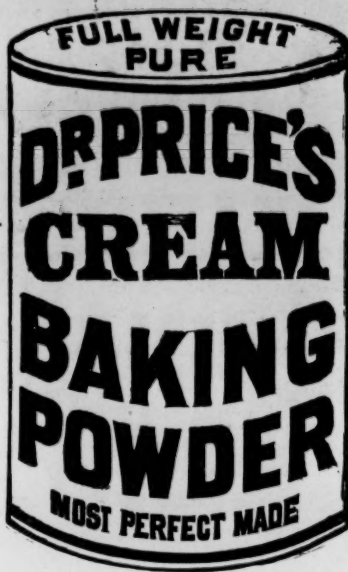
FROM ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS.	
Mrs. R. P. Parish, Chicago,	\$1 00
Mrs. J. C. Coonley, Chicago,	1 00
	\$2 00
FROM LIFE MEMBERSHIPS.	
Mrs. Joseph Osgood, Chicago,	\$25 00
FROM INDIVIDUALS.	
Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Princeton, Ill.,	10 00
Miss K. T. Norris, Milwaukee, Wis.,	5 00
Geo. Stickney, Grand Rapids, Mich.,	10 00
Mrs. A. C. McFadden, Quincy, Ill.,	10 00
S. A. Clark, Warren, Ill.,	10 00
Two Friends,	10 00
Rev. George W. Buckley, Battle Creek, Mich.,	10 00
H. W. Rader, St. Louis,	1 00
Rev. Paul Frothingham, New Bedford, Mass.,	10 00
Rev. H. D. Maxson, Menominee, Wis.,	1 00
Miss Emma Powers, Quincy, Ill.,	5 00
Ralph Davidson, La Porte, Ind.,	5 00
Mrs. Ada H. Chase, Haverhill, Mass.,	10 00
Thomas Kilpatrick, Omaha, Neb.,	25 00
J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn.,	50 00
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sawyer, St. Paul, Minn.,	50 00
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.,	75 00
Mrs. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.,	25 00
	\$349 00
FROM CHURCHES.	
Unitarian Church, Bloomington, Ill.,	\$10 00
Unity Church, Cleveland, O.,	250 50
Unity Church, St. Paul,	72 90
Unity Church, Sioux City,	100 00
Christian Union Society, Humboldt, Ia.,	10 00
All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis.,	20 00
First Unitarian Church, Omaha,	25 00
First Unitarian Society, Geneva, Ill.,	25 00
All Souls Church, Chicago, on account,	356 91
First Congregational Society, New Bedford, Mass.,	100 00
	\$970 31
	\$1,319 31
ENDOWMENT FUND.	
The following amounts have been paid on the Endowment Fund:	
Geo. O. Carpenter, St. Louis,	\$100 00
Martha H. Brooks, Boston,	5 00
Mrs. C. T. Ittner, St. Louis,	5 00
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. P. Love,	5 00
Miss Harris, Cambridge, Mass.,	1 00
Miss Mary O. Ittner, St. Louis,	1 00
	\$117 00

The friends and churches whose names do not appear on above lists are reminded that the end of the conference year is rapidly approaching and the treasurer will be pleased to acknowledge further receipts from week to week through the columns of UNITY. Address Myron Leonard, Treas., 5422 Lake Ave., Hyde Park, Chicago.

Capitalists and Small Investors read "War" Robertson's advertisement in this paper.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold everywhere, 25 cents.

16 CHOICE PLANTS FOR readers of the UNITY. All vigorous. All bloomers. All warranted true to name. Address: **Fern Hill Greenhouses, Springfield, O.** P. O. Box 522. **\$1**



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

Now Ready.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society have now ready Unity Lessons No. XX, being the first series in a Six Years' Course of Study. This pamphlet contains a syllabus of the full course and the outlines of the first lessons for the first year, which extend from September to the first of March. The subject is "BEGINNINGS: THE LEGEND AND THE TRUE STORY." Old Testament legends compared with the testimony of science. The pamphlet is arranged for either the uniform topic on the graded system of study, and its uses and purposes are explained in full in an introduction.

The lessons to be used from March 1 to July 1. "A STUDY OF DUTIES; THE GROWTH OF CHARACTER," are expected to be ready soon.

Price of the first series, 15 cents; \$1.25 a dozen \$10 a hundred. Address WESTERN UNITARIAN S. S. SOCIETY, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

CHARLES H. KERR & Co. have now on hand a full stock of the *Humboldt Library of Popular Science*, a series of octavo pamphlets, giving unabridged reprints of the most important scientific works at 15 and 30 cents. The following are the latest issues:

No. 111. THE PLEASURES OF LIFE. Part II. By Sir John Lubbock. 15 cents.

No. 112. PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION. By Th. Ribot. Translated from the French by J. Fitzgerald, M. A. 15 cents.

No. 113. HYPNOTISM. Its History and Development. By Fredrik Bjornstrom, M. D., Head Physician of the Stockholm Hospital, Professor of Psychiatry, late Royal Swedish Medical Councilor. Authorised translation from the second Swedish edition by Baron Nils Posse, M. G. Director of the Boston School of Gymnastics. (Double number, 30 cents.)

No. 114. CHRISTIANITY AND AGNOSTICISM. A Controversy. Consisting of papers contributed to the "Nineteenth Century" by Henry Wace, D. D., Prof. Thomas H. Huxley, the Bishop of Peterborough, W. H. Mallock, Mrs. Humphrey Ward. (Double number, 30 cents.)

Nos. 115 and 116. DARWINISM. An Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its applications. By Alfred Russel Wallace, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. Illustrated. (Two double numbers, 30 cents each.)

No. 117. MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN THOUGHT. By S. Laing. Part I. Illustrated. (Double number, 30 cents.)

No. 118. MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN THOUGHT. By S. Laing. Part II. 15 cents.

See full list of the first 110 numbers of the *Humboldt Library*, in UNITY of Jan. 18 and 25.

CHARLES H. KERR & Co. have just obtained a supply of CLOTH-BOUND copies of Spencer's Data of Ethics, at 60 cents; Spencer's Education and Progress in one volume, at 75 cents; Clodd's Select Works, including Childhood of the World, Childhood of Religion, and Birth and Growth of Myth, the three in one volume, for \$1.00, and Clodd's Story of Creation, at 75 cents. These prices include postage.

THE YANKEE BLADE has 500,000 readers every week. Sent free on trial to new subscribers only. 10 weeks for 10 cents. Sample copy free to a list of your story-reading friends. Regular subscription price per year is \$3.00. 1 year for \$1.50; 2 years for \$2.40; 4 years for \$3.60; 6 years for \$4.50. We will not be undersold. 1-cent stamps taken. Mention this paper. Address POTTER & POTTER, 92 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

THE ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO. For 16 Years have sold consumers at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profit. Ship anywhere for examination before buying. Pay freight charge if not satisfactory. Warranted for 2 years. 64-page Catalog Free. Address W. B. PHATT, Sec'y, Elkhart, Ind.

FARMS FOR SALE.

We want to advertise yours. Large Bulletin List free. INTERSTATE REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE Marshall, Mich.

SEEDS 6 pkts of my choicest Flower Seeds 10c. Beautiful catalog free. F. B. Mills, Thorn Hill, N. Y.

THE GOD OF SCIENCE. By Francis E. Abbot. 10 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Free for Four Weeks!

Twentieth Century,

+ A Weekly Magazine +

HUGH O. PENTECOST, Editor.

T. L. MCREADY, Associate Editor.

Each number contains Mr. Pentecost's Lecture of the preceding Sunday, delivered in Newark, Brooklyn and New York.

MOTTO: "HEAR THE OTHER SIDE."

This Magazine advocates Personal Sovereignty in place of State Sovereignty, Voluntary Coöperation instead of Compulsory Coöperation, the Liberation of the human mind from Superstition, and the application of the principles of Ethics toward Social Regeneration.

It is meant to be a broad-minded, unsectarian meeting place for the representatives of all schools of Religious and Economic thought. Orthodox and Liberal Christians, Spiritualists, Hebrews, Agnostics, and Secularists of every shade of opinion; Protectionists, Freetraders, Single-taxers, Nationalists, Socialists and Anarchists, advocates of peaceful measures of social regeneration and revolutionists, will all be welcomed to its columns with equal cordiality, fairness and respect. As an indication of the broad scope of the magazine here are the names of

SOME CONTRIBUTORS.

EDWARD BELLAMY, author of "Looking Backward."
REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK, author of "The Faith of Reason," "The Bible of To-day," etc.
REV. W. S. CROWE, editor of the "Universalist Record."
CLINTON FURBISH, editor of "The Leader," (Chicago).
REV. HENRY FRANK, Independent Church, Jamestown, N. Y.
RABBI G. GOTTHEIL, of the Temple Emanu El, Fifth avenue, New York City.
HELEN H. GARDNER, author of "Men, Women and Gods."
LAURENCE GRÖNLUND, author of "Coöperative Commonwealth."
J. K. INGALLS, author of "Social Wealth."
REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL, Radical Unitarian.
HARRY L. KOOPMAN, Librarian University of Vermont.
DR. DANIEL DELEON, late Professor of International Law, Columbia College.
DYER D. LUM, author of "Concise History of the Chicago Anarchists," etc.
MARIE LOUISE, Philosophical Anarchist.
REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, Episcopalian; author of "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible."
EDMUND MONTGOMERY, author of many scientific treatises in German and in English.
HON. FRANK T. REID, Single-Taxer.
PROF. WILLIAM G. SUMNER, author of "What the Social Classes Owe to Each Other," and Professor of Political Economy in Yale College.
WM. M. SALTER, Lecturer of the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago; author of "Ethical Religion."
W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Society for Ethical Culture of St. Louis.
SERGIUS G. SHEVITCH, editor of "The New York Volks Zeitung."
GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL, author of "Life of Thomas Jefferson."
BENJ. R. TUCKER, editor of "Liberty," (Boston).
T. B. WAKEMAN, Positivist and Socialist; author of "Classification of the Sciences," etc.
REV. J. M. WHITON, Ph. D., Congregationalist; author of a number of works.
JAMES H. WEST, author of "Uplifts of the Heart and Will," etc., and editor of the "New Ideal," (Boston).
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Atheist and Materialist.
A. VAN DEUSEN. J. W. SULLIVAN. VICTOR YARROS.

An economic symposium by thinkers of national and international reputation, will soon begin in our columns; to be followed by a symposium on the ferment in religion, by the leaders in that line of thought.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, 24 PAGES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:—ONE YEAR, \$2; SIX MONTHS, \$1; THREE MONTHS, 60 CENTS.

Free for Four Weeks to all Applicants.

This free trial offer will remain open during the next two months. Do you wish to know the grievances of the discontented classes? Do you wish to know their suggestions of a remedy? Do you wish to read the most courageous, radical and reform magazine of modern times,--even though you may disagree with it in toto? Then send a postal card with your address to

Twentieth Century,
WARREN STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1890.

The Pioneer Seed Catalogue of America, contains complete list of Vegetables, Flowers, Bulbs, Potatoes and Small Fruits, with descriptions and prices. Department of Specialties and all Worthy Novelties. Same shape and style as proved so satisfactory last year. Many new and elegant illustrations, handsome colored plate 8x10 1/2 inches, and frontispiece. **Special Cash Prizes \$1000.00: see Floral Guide.** Every person who owns a foot of land or cultivates a plant should have a copy. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents, which amount may be deducted from first order. **ABRIDGED CATALOGUE FREE.**

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

Have You Seen It?

The Best Farmer's Paper in America.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

THE FARMER'S VOICE

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

\$1.00 per Year or 50 cents for Six Months.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

FARMERS VOICE CO. 230 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ballin center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. **EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.**

RIDGE'S FOOD The MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Pamphlet free. Woolrich & Co., (on every label), Palmer, Mass.



An Unequalled Triumph. An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderful struck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over \$100." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the greatest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size--the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular \$10 album, but it is sold to the people for only \$5. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments; also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Box 999, PORTLAND, MAINE.

INVESTMENTS

In Mineral or Timber Lands in Eastern Kentucky, West Virginia and the South-western part of Old Virginia, or in lots and acre property in or near the new and coming towns of Old Virginia, will pay over 10% Per Cent. Capitalists and small investors address **W. A. R. ROBERTSON, Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law, Wall St., New York City, or Bristol, Tenn.**

10% THE CHANGE OF FRONT OF THE UNIVERSE. By Minot J. Savage; 5 cents, 10 copies 25 cents, 100 copies \$1.50. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

